

THE CYNICK.

BY GROWLER GRUFF, ESQUIRE,

AIDED BY A CONFEDERACY OF
LETTERED DOGS.

"We'll snarl, and bite, and play the dog,"
"For dogs are honest."

Vol. I.

Saturday, November 9, 1811.

No. VII.

THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores. Hor.

Growler Gruff's compliments to the publick, and wishes to express his gratitude for the indulgence they have granted to his attempt at editorship, by explaining the different changes and appearances of his inestimable productions, which like the sybil's leaves appear in small portions, because they are valuable, and irregularly, because they are great and uncommon, for eccentricity is said to be the symptom of genius.

Now be it known, that from the earliest times, when according to holy writ, Adam named all creatures by their names, and when Noah built his great dog-house to weather the deluge—be it known I say, that the dog's

of that day had a strong instinct of propriety, equality and honour; and Gruff being a lineal descendant of the first dog, and nearly related to Noah's *Preserved*, he felt a strong antipathy against a late attempt to infringe on the equality of the canaille, in a certain kennel in Chesnut-street, which he frequented; more especially as having been sometimes fed at the manager's table, and having a great intimacy with the manager's puppies, he thought he had as good a right to straddle over the post as any spaniel among them.

Therefore, having cogitated his business, he ran to his friends, the news-mongers, who one and all kicked him out of their offices for an unmannerly dog, that would not scent their tails and follow in their track—but some other good dog, it seems, was more fortunate, two or three growls coming from the papers, as may be seen in the said gazettes. Being so placed, all he could do was to give two or three signal yells and collect a confederacy, which being collected, and all throats tuned, we begun a general and exemplary yell against the measure and the managers, and effectually, as has turned up. We bayed the moon, and frightened away the hideous night shades of favouritism and so forth.

This being done, some of our confederacy chose to withdraw, thinking our object poor game, and to tell the truth, perhaps, though I would not have them suppose I think so, they are too idle dogs to run over moor and mountain with us.

So then, having chased down the old fox, and all being in at the death, it was the general opinion that it was good stuff, and the attention of the pack was called to decide whether we should home and feast, or con-

tinue sport. Some took one side, some another. Those who chose, went; the rest, among whom, are some sleek fellows, remain to ferret out the cubs and amuse themselves till sunset with starting small game. In other words, as our confraternity canine have begun, and, as according to Aristotle, every good thing must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, we propose to continue our labours against the sins of folly and absurdity for a season longer, and this, we who remain of our old confederacy, assisted by some new recruits, will be able to do, as our publisher, god wot, flatters us with the idea, that we will, at length, arrive to a volume, and stand in sullen and authourical dignity on the shelves, among such people as John Bunyan, Mother Goose, the New-York Goldsmith, &c.&c. arranged in proper composition, like the wooden platters, in a Dutch spring-house, for present use, and then remain in venerable dust, as the Roman Catholick priest says or sings in *Secula Seculorum*—for the edification and privilege of all men—or as a Latinist, of my acquaintance, says, *in usum posteriorum*.

This being the case, we shall cast about for subjects :

*Together we will beat the ample fields,
Try what the open, what the covert yields.*

And surely in this city of brotherly love, we shall be able to find some kind friend who will help up a laugh, or some silly mortal foolish enough to expose himself to derision. For so it is; we declare war against all foolishness and fools, high and low, rich and poor. We are disciples of St. Paul, that arch cynick, whose works formed the mind of Gruff, when at a country school near

Burlington. We are friends of the great Growler Dean Swift, whose motto descends to us by right :

*Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be this my motto, this my fate.*

Would that his spirit too might descend upon us, which, like the mantle of Elijah, would consecrate us to the service of our predecessour and our patron.

That we shall be able to execute our threats, we have means of information altogether uncommon. We may quote Macbeth, and say of the good fools of Philadelphia, "there's not a thane of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd." Growler Gruff, Esquire, the publick must know, will never break into the customs of his family, by visiting any one, or asking any questions of any body, or sympathising with any thing—nay, the world may be damned to-morrow, for aught he cares : but then his friends and acquaintance know every body : they pay morning visits—they dine out—they drop into the drawing room of an evening—they run into the kitchens—they sneak down cellars—they go to the Mansion-house—they sip Kennedy's turtle soup—they frequent black Bob's oyster cellar—they lounge half an hour in a certain bookseller's shop—and sleep several hours in church on Sunday morning. Some of the smartest puppies among them, stand on the second step before the Coffee-house, on a bright morning, and some intriguing rascals—blush my pages—*ye amaranths and roses like the morn—hide your fair heads*—some insinuating rogues—hide themselves—I mean, creep under the bottoms of the ladies' — chairs. Gentle reader, don't be alarmed—and even under their pettycoats.

Nor are certain other places exempted from our jurisdiction. There are entries into the ball rooms, and there are little affairs—every now and then that shall come into our notice. So if Mr. Whale, or Mr. Quesnet, or any other gentleman dancing master, permits the waltz to become fashionable this winter, on purpose to accustom our modest, diffident, retiring young ladies to the squeeze, and pressure of the times, we shall certainly have him in by all means.

We propose, too, to take the road, and to become moral highwaymen—as for instance, on Monday, one of the confederacy happened to be on the Germantown road with a stranger, who observing a dashing fellow to drive by like Jehu Style, in a smart gig and tandem, inquired with the utmost simplicity, who it was? “That,” said he, “I suppose, must be a man of some consideration—one of your quality people—some rich agent—or perhaps, some young heir—or, now a-day’s, as you make young men publick men—that, no doubt, is a congressman, or member of assembly at least—or, perhaps”—he was interrupted by my adherent, with the simple intelligence, of this being no less a personage than *Goose*, the tailor, lately set up—and remarkable for measuring a neat leg.

But this is not all—it would never be fair to let the ladies off—pretty creatures—we must have at them too. Hark, fair ones! we can tell a *hawk* from a *handsaw*. We have no exceeding admiration for a crooked limb, but we value decorum more than beauty; therefore N.B. If the lady who suffered a gentleman to tie her garter on Monday, as she came out of the theatre, and when she got home, scandalised her neighbour for ogling

with *Benedick Blackbeard*—if she do so again, she will be clapped into our book—so farewell, ladies—and remember that your charms have a constant admirer in

GROWLER GRUFF, Esquire,
and the remaining Confederacy.

MR. GRUFF.

I am a young lady of some fashion, as I suppose you would say—for my papa is rich and keeps very good company at his house, who I am sure come to eat his dinners more because they like his delicacies than him, and my mamma has her tea-room up-stairs opened just about every other tuesday, where old ladies and young ones come in great plenty—more I'm sure than I want to see: and gentlemen of all kinds—some clever enough—but others that only come to stare and stand before the fire and keep every body so cold—I'm sure last winter I'd like to have frozen to death—and so I write this to you and have got *Jim* to take it to the printers that you may publish something about them before it gets cold enough for them to renew their practice, do dear Gruff if you want to oblige me. My aunt calls them gentle-fire-screens, but they only laugh, and I for my part think a good growling will scare them sweetly, for I dont think much of them, and if you break their bad habits send me word who you are, and I'll invite you to my dance which will be about Christmas—do, sweet Growler Gruff, do, that's a good man.

I'm sure now I've begun I'll write more—some of those *Beau-sticks* are students of law as they call themselves,

and as I believe in my heart do nothing all day but lounge and talk away their time to no purpose, except it be to put the ladies out of countenance. One of them in particular stares in my face wherever I go—If I go to St. James' on Sunday I meet him at the door, if I go a shopping with mamma I meet him in fourth-street, and indeed every where, and so do some others. I'm sure they might spend their time in reading, more profitably, but I fancy they are all very bad, and very dissipated, and very wild. I've heard of some of their pranks, and I'm sure I'll send them to you one of these days Mr. Gruff, that you may publish them as they deserve, and so for the present.

I remain, &c.

CAROLINE.

P. S. I take for granted you are an old man, and married, or a widower, I'm sure.

TO MISS CAROLINE.

Mr. Gruff's love to Miss Caroline. He is proud of the honour of her correspondence. The evil she speaks of is great, and will certainly be remedied by her excellent letter, which as she may observe is published. He hopes a continuation of her favours, and confidently expects his growling nature will be changed and humanised by the study of her delightful effusions, so that in time, he will acquire sufficient confidence to present himself in *propria persona*, i. e. in his natural figure. He hopes she will discover the distinction he has made, between her communication, and those of other correspondents. In

the fifth number, he declared the competency of the club to execute their duties, their desire to be unaided, and his own determination not to admit the effusions of a stranger. He reconciles this plausible want of consistency, by his inability to refuse a favour to a lady, and has requested a continuance of her addresses, because of his admiration for her sex. Although he is neither an old man, a married man, nor a widower, she will find him young enough, mayhap, when she discloses her other name; till then he will be content, with the perusal of her letters.

TO GROWLER GRUFF, ESQ.

By the *Finale*, contained in your sixth number, one would be led to imagine that the existence of your paper, already acknowledged to be truly humourous, and excessively excellent, had approached its termination. I know not, if it be your intention to dismiss me from the service of the confederacy; to break up the confederacy itself; or, to conduct alone, the business of the Cynick. But certain I am sir, that your publishers, your printers, and your printer's devils, have one and all, been instructed to insult me. For upon entering their office, to ascertain the reason why I had received no proof-sheet of a communication, which was necessarily to be my last, I was huffed by the journeyman, sneered at by the boys, and very insignificantly treated by their master. I discovered however, that the valedictory address which I delivered to you, was secretly intended to be withheld

from publication, and that I was to make my exit from publick perusal without the opportunity of exhibiting my bow.—But notwithstanding the dissolution of the council, by the manager; my interdiction from the cage-box, and the impossibility of obtaining any further matter to communicate, I was determined that my last appearance before our readers, should give them intelligence of the recent transactions both among the council, and before the curtain; (I had no notion, Mr. Gruff, that your ingenuity should outdo mine own, or that so valuable a communication, as that which I intended for your last number, should be for ever lost to the world,) so that the extending fame of the poetick *Pasquin*, and the exquisite flow of his eloquence, should be known as well by the legal, literary, and dramattick world, as by the admiring throng, which surrounded him at his late labour. How I was to obtain an admission into these pages again, I found it difficult to contrive; but losing no particle of the rage, I fell into at the conduct of the pressmen, all furious and foaming, I seized a mischievous little urchin, who was washing a rusty form of *pica*, and shook him so violently by the leg, that the little technical *devil*, voluntarily promised to slip my discarded effusion into the next number without the knowledge of the parties concerned in the writing, the publishing, or printing,—pleased with the cunning of the little wag, I at once released him from my jaws, predicted his attainment to editorial excellence, and assisted in inserting, this letter to *you*, and the communication to your *club*, so that I appear before the publick in spite of you Mr. Gruff, and not unlike

your brother editors, *you* have the enjoyment of the effect, of a prevalent practice of making the conductor of a paper, very inconsistently discard an associate, and admit him in his company at one and the same time. But I leave you, sir, with a contented heart, and a consciousness that I shall receive a portion of that *eclat*, which will naturally follow the conclusion of your work, and is ever attendant on the efforts of

The Manager's Dog.

FROM THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Notwithstanding I had made a positive engagement with the furious dog, who has accounted for his re-appearance in this paper, to insert his addresses, in contradiction to the orders of the editor—yet, as soon as I found myself released from his ravenous clutches, and deprived of the torture occasioned by his violent shaking, I determined, out of mere revenge, to conceal his manuscript; and thus, again prevent him the delight of growling. But fearing the outrage which his increased fury might induce him to repeat, I perused his communication, before I could finally resolve to execute my intention. Having reached the termination of one of his manuscripts, in which he slightly compliments my native city, I eagerly set up the type in the absence of the journeymen, and squeezed it in, after the reading of the proof sheet. How naturally did my blood flow, when I discovered one dog of the confederacy, honest enough to fix on the existence of genius in New York. There, thought I, are your editors, your aids, your councils,

your confederacies without number. There resides my worthy master, *Longworth*, and his friend, that sly, ingenious wag, *Launcelot*. How was I reminded of the time, when my soul was inspired, as I set up the pages of *Langstaff's* copy, filled with the effusion of the richest fancy, and the manuscript of *Knickerbocker*, crowded with a train of humorous tropes; the narrative of *Evergreen*, and the history of *Cockloft*, partaking of the keenest satire; and the speeches of *Sampson*, betraying the drollness of imagination, and the ————. I could resist no longer—and thus have I given the only apology I can possibly offer, for my trespass on the right of the editor.

BY THE MANAGER'S DOG.

What Mr. Gruff is to become of me—am I no longer to be known in the literary class of my lettered species. Am I no longer to hold a situation with your other confederates; nor occupy in future any corner in your triumphant little paper.—Great were my expectations of a rising fame, and fondly did I fancy that the distinction, made between the managers dog, and the ordinary curs which infest the theatre, would be continued until my swelling consequence should have elevated me above the reach of their malicious grinning; I had almost flattered myself, with having excelled the talents of my master, in concise notice and diffuse address. I sanguinely hoped to attain to that undiminished admiration, which accompanies the untarnished genius of the eminent *Pasquin*. I mean that *Pasquin*, who in

the *Trochaical-Iambick* oratory of a *satyro-eulogistick* doggrel poem 'yclept the *Hamiltoniad*, celebrates the virtues of the great defunct, and who, to his everlasting renown, volunteered his services, as counsel for his *fellow citizens*, when an *individual* cit, and three distinguished legal luminaries prosecuted *Lignum*—Oh had you heard him Mr. Gruff—how he described the moated castle, and the air-built mansion; the rights of managers, and wrongs of men; the method to applaud, the mode to disapprove, and the way to be discreet; how delicately he could flatter *Lignum*, and cunningly cajole his client, conceal the written speech, intended to protect his fellows, and to terrify his foe; your imagination would have been bewildered; your senses lost in admiration of the wonderful orator.—With a slow, a solemn, and a steady step, he placed himself before the magistracy of the town.—The eyes and ears of all the populace were open, and every tongue was silent. The mist which had been floating through the hall was gradually discovered to disperse—and the air was uncontaminated save by “the windy respirations of *his* forced breath,” the savoury exhalations of *his* melodious mouth. With secret exultation I looked forward to the time, when, by the renown of my communications to the club, I should obscure the greatness of the admired *Pasquin*. But how fleeting are the joys, the imaginary transports of the soul. No sooner had the argumentative harrangue, reached its termination, than *Lignum* destroyed at once the possibility of our intercourse, disbanded his pernicious council, closed his chamber against them and me, and put an end to the

establishment of private boxes. I will not say the force of *Pasquin's* argument occasioned this resolve. I need not. *Lignum* confesses it; and *Pasquin* publicly avows it. Chagrined at this occurrence, I flew from the temple of justice, the seat of *Pasquin's* glory, and resorted to the upper box-lobby. There, surrounded by the fashionable blades, attentive to the wants of every Cyprian goddess; the longing catch-pole and the brisk-bum-bailey, watchful of their motion and eager for their prey; the club of loungers, yawning o'er their conversation; the idling shopman, munching sweet conserve; and the busy little criticks, boisterous and loud in their remarks; I was compensated for the kicks, and cuffs, and bruising I received in struggling to maintain a place among them, by listening to their paltry jokes, their definitions, derivations, and remarks. The most humourous of them, was your ordinary shop loungee the little *Gilbert Gander*, whose superfluity of learning has occasioned him to *underrate* the Cynick. He was regularly, learnedly, and elegantly describing the origin of "*Pandean Minstrel*" having first received what intelligence he could, from the previous derivation of the classick actor, the blubbering broker, the little herd of authours, and the man of taste. One of them insisted that the name was given by the god of shepherds, another by the king of Athens, another by the festival called *Pandia*, and many by the word *Pander*, because of its being made a publick show. But *Gilbert* obstinately contended (and his contention and assurance is often ta'en for wit) that the instruments, operated upon by the minstrels, were found at the destruction of an ancient *battery*, and that they

consequently derived their name from pancake, being made of *batter*, and declined it, bat, battery, batter—pancake, *pandean*. A most obstreperous laugh proceeded from the mouth of every hearer, and little *Gilbert*, chuckling with the admiration he excited, shook his flimsy ribs, and delicately smoothed his chubby cheek. Though I could not absolutely agree with either of the learned gentry, yet the comical account of the little wag, brought to my recollection, the exhibition of the minstrels on the New-York *battery*, and I began to suspect that little *Gilbert* was really in possession of a greater quantity of wit, than his continual efforts ever proved him to have, or the town were willing to allow him. The name then, Mr. Gruff, of Pandean Minstrels, is ascertained to have originated, in that odd city of New-York—the nest of wags—the hot-bed of humour—and the veriest refuge for literary, learned, scientifick, and out-of-the-way characters. I beg therefore, that, to set all disputation entirely at rest, you will communicate this information to your readers, and conceive that you yourself have profited by this my last communication.



EDITORIAL.

*Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.*

HORACE.

THOUGH every man who regards his own comfort, or the convenience of those about him, will take care to

avoid introducing sorrowful subjects into conversation, as he would never lead himself, or his company, to be spectators of distressing spectacles ; yet, it is not absolutely prohibited, even in our lighter moments, to taste the pleasures of pensiveness. Though it is always proper to be merry and wise, yet refined wisdom will find a rational merriment elevated and increased, by an alternation of gravity. He who is perpetually laughing, must be an idiot or a buffoon ; but he is an intellectual and happy mortal, who can properly relish and regulate the successive variations of "smiles and tears," who can turn "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," and who can duly appreciate the reflections of a serene, or an overclouded sky.

Such a man, the Cynick desires to become his reader ; and therefore, though he is no advocate for that fashionable sentiment "of a mind diseased"—so prettily described by the poet Montgomery ; though he cannot acknowledge the allurements of the "hour of tribulation—when the heart can freely sigh ;" yet he makes no apology for being occasionally serious and thoughtful. He is an animal, with what all the present race of men cannot boast, a soul—and it seems essential to such an animal to be sometimes "Il penseroso," and sometimes "L'allegro."

These thoughts are suggested by the following lines, which, whatever may be their poetical merit, certainly present a very sublime subject for contemplation. A statesman and an orator, a patriot and a hero cut off in the vigour of his existence, and in the maturity of his abilities—and by the means of a custom—in speculation absurd—in action awful.

He is fallen in the efflorescence of his reputation, in a country which denominates itself enlightened, and which asserts that freedom is the patroness of the arts. But it seems mere assertion, or we should meet the marble monuments of its truth, scattered over our country. We should not have to see the ashes of our departed leaders protected and insulted by some frail memorial, erected, perhaps, by the stranger or the passenger, some wooden pillar or some gothick and barbarous pyramid, whose rustick form crouches below the neighbouring bushes.

These designs have been frequently inculcated by eloquence and reason, but the taste of the country seems deaf to the voice of reason and eloquence. But though we cannot rouse their attention who can do great things—we shall in our way endeavour at little things, and shall not hesitate at decorating our pages with any passable wreaths of poetick or prosaick patriotism. In the following piece, many errours may be discovered, but the spirit of the whole is commendable: its irregularity may be excused as the characteristick of that species of writing; and its other faults may be justly attributed to its authour who is bound to bear them, while we arrogate the praise of introducing it into our book, and in this, we must at least possess the praise of originality, since we reverse the established custom, and make our comick entertainment introductory to our tragick essay, but we follow the better course of nature and make serious ruth the result of temporary meriment.

ODE III.—BOOK I.

LINES ON HAMILTON'S TOMB.

HAIL to thee ! sacred tomb—hail holy shade !
Hail mighty flood that round the hero's dust,
Chaunting immortal hymns forever roll'st !
In solemn majesty thy song shall rise,
In ever daring beauty, like his fame ;
And like his virtue, strong, profound, and clear.
Hail rocks ! that seeming to defy
The steady charge of tempests, lift around
Your stern and gloomy brows, O ! shield his ashes dear,
From every wind and every rolling wave.—
Alas ! at Heaven's command, the world shall melt,
Your fix'd foundations shall be rooted up,
Your sandy substance float on every gale,
And ocean's tide shall laugh your strength to scorn ;
O ! then this tomb, rear'd by such patriot hands,
Then too, this mighty river, then these rocks,
These pines forever blooming, nay his form divine,
With all the splendid pomp of nature's livery,
Shall fly before the angel's besom, like the morning vapour.
Like the wind-driven chaff, or like the airy forms,
Made by the showman in the enchanted lamp.
So God ordains !—perhaps to check the mind
Of man idolatrous, that slavish bends
Before a human shrine, and clothes a kindred mortal
With his peculiar vestments.—For such there are
And such there will be—when all this land,

This land of freedom shall be overclouded
With ignorance, with rapine, and with power,
When all thy actions, hero ! and thy fellow chiefs,
Shall grace the historians page alone, and light
The student's closet only—then the party man,
The traitor to his country, and the slave
Of some proud demagogue, athirst for gold
An alien from thy spirit, and the foe of all
Thy candid principles, shall decorate thy shrine,
And deify thy name, and kiss thy tomb
With curs'd hypocrisy—as they of Mecca,
Or they of old and abject Rome.—Such shall triumph
And joy in their unrighteous doings—then good men
No where shall be on earth ; no, nor good things, for heaven
In mercy will protect you—and will blast
With earth-destroying thunder, every vestige
Of you and your compatriots, and will take
Into her holy tabernacle, to enjoy forever,
The smiles of the Holy High One all your wisdom,
Your worth, your works and virtues, quite unfit
To live in such a world as ours, so lost, so fallen. But
till then,

They shine on earth, and our own age illumine,
With glorious lustre, like the time enlarging halo,
That beams on Sidney's brow—that flames
Around the bust of Brutus, or that circles
Themistocles' statue with celestial splendour,
Then hail great shade ! protect thy darling country,
And breathe thy spirit in her sinking children.